

Bedtime Story for the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE BAND.
By HOWARD B. GARIS.

"WELL, it is very nice, isn't it, Uncle Wiggly?" asked Nurse Jane Puffy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, as she and the bunny gentleman stood outside the little seashell and seaweed bungalow down on the ocean beach.

"It is very nice, indeed," answered Mr. Longears, as he made little holes in the sand with the point of his rheumatism crutch, striped red, white and blue like a barber pole. "It is almost as nice as the hollow stump farm house at home."

"Never, I think," said the muskrat lady. "It is much cooler. And now for a fine vacation."

Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane had come to the shore of the back of the big fish hawk as I told you in the story before this one, there being no room for them in the excursion train. And now they were at the beach bungalow.

Uncle Wiggly was just putting on his white trousers and white shoes and going down to the boardwalk, and Nurse Jane was getting out the talcum powder so she would not be sunburned, when there came a call from the bungalow next door.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly!"

"Ha! Who is there?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Why! Across and there were Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys."

"We're down here, too, on our vacation," they said.

"Glad to see you," spoke the bunny. "We'll have some fun."

"And may I have some, too?" asked another voice, and from the other side, in a little sandy bungalow, were Jackie and Pettie Bow Wow, the puppy dogs.

"Why! How many of my friends are here?" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "This is real jolly!"

"Yes, and here are more of us," quacked some voices, and there were Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the ducks, on a little lake not far away. And near them were Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits, and others.

"Oh, I'm glad I came to the shore!" laughed Uncle Wiggly, making his quack like a duck, and then he said, "Let's all go in bathing!"

"Let's all go in bathing!" cried Alice Wibblewobble, who, being a duck, was very fond of the water.

So Uncle Wiggly, Nurse Jane and all of them started for the seashore, which was not far from the bungalows where they all lived. On the way down, Johnnie Bushytail picked up a big shell and began pounding on it with a stick.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" went the shell.

"It's just like a drum," said Johnnie.

"So it is," spoke Uncle Wiggly. Then Sammie Littletail found a hollow hole in the sand. He made some noise in it with his knife and when he cut a whistle in one end, and blew on it, he made music almost like that in a circus.

"Why, we'll have a regular concert soon," said Uncle Wiggly, laughing.

Not long after this Jackie Bow Wow found an old cigar box on the beach and with a piece of brown stick, he made a sort of harp, with sea grass for strings, so that when he snapped the strings with his paws they made tinkling sounds.

"Better and better," cried Uncle Wiggly. "We will have jolly good music wherever we go, like the old lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes."

"I wish I could make some music," said Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl. "I want to play like the others."

"Here is the very thing for you," cried Uncle Wiggly, as he walked along the sand and picked up an empty coconut shell. Then he found a piece of waxed paper which water couldn't wet, and tying the paper over the open end of the coconut shell, and giving Susie a little stick to use, the rabbit girl had another kind of drum that made a "rub-a-dub-dub" sound like Johnnie's, only different.

Then Billie Wagtail, the goat, took off one of his loose horns and blew on that until he made such funny music that you felt like dancing all the while.

"Well, I guess we have quite a band now," said Uncle Wiggly, as he walked along with the animal children. "Now if we could only give a concert we could make some money to buy ice cream cones, or lollypops."

And just then up in the pavilion on the ocean boardwalk, where the seashore people dance a mazurka said:

"Oh, dear! Where are all my musicians? Where is the dance music they ought to play? They have run away and left me, the people want to dance and I have no music."

Just then, on the beach, under the place where the band ought to have been, there sounded the beating of drums, the tooting of a horn, the blowing of whistles and other music sounds.

"Why, what in the world is that?" asked the band man.

"Oh, it's Uncle Wiggly and a lot of

his animal friends making music on such funny things," said a boy.

"Maybe he can play for the dance," said the man. "Will you?" he asked Mr. Longears for the man could talk rabbit talk. "Will you play for us?"

"Most gladly!" cried the bunny. Then he waved his stick, and Johnnie, Billie, Pettie, Jackie, Lulu, Susie and all the others played, Little Sister Saline, the chipmunk girl, tooting on a comb with paper over it.

"Oh, that's fine music!" cried the dance man, and all the people said the same thing. Then they danced to their heart's content, and when they were finished the bunny uncle and his friends were given ice cream cones and lollypops, and they had their swim in the ocean.

"This shows you that there is often music in a clam shell, and if the soft shell crab doesn't get caught in the mosquito net and bite it full of holes, the music will be just as good. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the firewood—Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

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News Notes

from

Movieland

BY DAISY DEAN.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA of the Lasky company, was born on the 10th of June, 1889, in Tokio, Japan. He went to school in Japan for a number of years and then took to the stage where he worked in plays written by himself, as well as other productions. Some time ago he came to this country and traveled rather extensively. For one year he went to school at the University of Chicago. About two years ago Mr. Hayakawa decided that the screen was leading a rattling good actor in himself and he applied to the New York Motion Picture company for position. His application was promptly accepted and since then he has been one of the most popular foreign characters on the screen, playing with the Lasky and New York Motion Picture companies exclusively. If you saw him in "The Typhoon" you will remember his excellent work in that production. Mr. Hayakawa at the present time lives in Los Angeles in a regular bungalow. He owns an English bull pup named Shoki, which means "destruction" and is the name of a Japanese god. In appearance Mr. Hayakawa is five feet seven inches tall, has black hair and dark brown eyes, and weighs 135 pounds. His hobbies are fencing, jiu jitsu, swimming and painting. He is married to Tsuri Aoki. To Mr. Hayakawa, he is further said, belongs the further distinction of having introduced Japanese roles in America.

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Beauty Chats - By Edna Kent Forbes

A Well-Planned Day

FOR WOMEN who earn their living, or their careers, through some artistic occupation, the following plan for an average day will give them the best results for health, beauty and the amount of work accomplished. For the woman whose only occupation is society, or charity work, the plan is equally applicable.

She should wake from a sleep of seven to ten hours, depending on how much rest is needed for absolute refreshment. Then she should drink a small cup of black coffee, preferably made in a percolator, before rising. Then she may rise, and, standing in the center of the room, stretch both arms high above the head, then out from the shoulders, straining every muscle to its utmost, repeating this three times. Then, lying flat on a rug on the floor, she should breathe easily, three full breaths of air. Then, quickly, do some well-chosen leg exercise, arm exercise and rolling exercise. She should follow this by a warm, then a cool, bath in salt water, and dress in something loose and light and pretty. A light breakfast follows this, and at once, without seeing anyone, she should proceed to practise study, work—whatever she must do to go on in her career. After three solid hours of this, have luncheon, dress, and spend the afternoon as she will.

Every artist works hard bettering her art. Every student needs these hours of uninterrupted time to prepare herself in her chosen occupation. By preparing for work as I have written, by working with a will, and spending the rest of the time in recreation, the woman will find herself making great strides forward, and at the same time keeping splendid health and looks.

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